

Louisville Journal

Dickering.

Some time or other, if a man enters upon farm life—and it is held true in him every kind of life—then comes to him a natural desire bargaining. It is a part of the curse, I think, entailed upon mankind, at the expulsion from Eden—that he should sweat at a bargain. When a woman with her hair full of love—when her children—ask the double what her looks are worth, you are noway surprised. You accept the enormity as a symptom of the depravity of her race—which is balanced by the snivety of her nature.

But when a hard-faced, upright, Sabbath-keeping New England banker or select man asks you the double or offers you the half, of what a thing is really worth, there is no room for fear. His looks are worth, you are noway surprised. You accept the enormity as a symptom of the depravity of her race—which is balanced by the snivety of her nature.

And yet all this is to be met (and conquered) by some who ever has butter eggs, or oil, or fat cattle to sell. I ventured once to express my surprise to a shrewd foreman who had charge of this business—for I manage it by proxy as much as I can—the said foreman, with a thousand a year of income, should have insisted upon a deduction of two cents a bushel in the price of his potatos, in view of a quart of small ones, that had insinuated themselves in the interests; I think I hear his horse-hoof now—“Why, he was thinking of passing him—on the other side of the street.”

The idea struck me as novel; but upon reflection, I am inclined to think it is well based. I am, you see, a man who can't accomplish that business by proxy, and, in consequence, have made some bad debts by proxy. But proxy is not always available. There are customers who insist upon clashing with the horse. Such a one has a hundred thousand in bank, but you happen to be deeply engaged. He wishes to “take a look” at a horse, which he has seen advertised for sale. The stable is free to his observation, and the attentive customer has but the customer wants to talk with the “Squire.”

It is a staunch Canadian horse, for which you have no further use. You paid for him, six months gone, a hundred and fifty dollars. The year you bought him, he cost his master. I never yet met a man who sold a horse for as much as he gave—unless he was a jockey; I never expect to.”

“Morning. Good morning.”

“Bain's lookin' at yer horse.”

“Ah! ‘tis a ‘middlin’ lump o’ horse.”

“I know as you knowit, but sick horses ain’t so salable as they was a spell ago.”

“Ah!”

“They’re gittin’ a fancy for bigger horses.”

Silence.

“Put that pony to a heavy cart, and he won’t do nothin’.”

“You’re mistaken; he’s a capital cart horse.”

“Well, I don’t say but what he’d be handy with a littl’ load.”

“T’is perfectly sound.”

“That looks kinder like a spavin”—rubbin’ off his hind leg.

“I’m just a mucky horse doctor, he ye?”

“Not much.”

“Don’t kick, dooh!”

“No.”

“These little Kanucks is apt to kick.”

Silence, and an impatient movement, which I work off by pulling on my watch.

“What a mucky muck he is to be!”

“Eleven.”

“Thund’er! I must be agoin’—should like to trade Squire, but I guess we can’t agree.”

“I’m a goodly man, good luck to them, ye’ hon’rable son, ye’ hon’rable son.”

“I pose you, ye’ hon’rable son.”